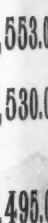


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ALAS !

THE ONLY MYSTERY ABOUT A WATCH

is in the marvellous instruments of precision used in its construction. Pocket timepieces are not called upon to produce anything, like looms and sewing-machines, or furnish or transmit power, like steam-engines or dynamos. All that is asked of them is to run their allotted number of hours with extreme regularity, measuring the last hour of the twenty-four with exactly the same number of minutes and seconds as the first, through all changes of temperature or varying positions.

The secret of success here is simplicity and absolute accuracy. These have been made possible by the Waltham model, the wonderful machinery at Waltham and the skilled American mechanics there. Such a combination of a perfect watch and a reasonable price has never before been possible in the history of watch-making.

Ask to see the name "*Riverside*" or "*Royal*" engraved on the plates, and always "*Waltham*."

They are fully warranted by the *American Waltham Watch Co.*, of Waltham, Mass., the pioneer American Company.

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*Fancy and Glacé Mohairs,
Silk and Wool Suitings,
All-Wool Suitings,
Plaids, Stripes and Mixtures.*

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Serges,
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and Plaid Grenadines.*

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were never so cheap. Of course the market is full of rubbishy lots—poor paper, poor type, poor binding. Such Books are dear at any price. But the Book man, who knows what, when and how to buy, can provide for you thoroughly good Books at simply absurd prices. We have no room for the slop-shop sorts, but no one ever saw a reliable store where Book money would go further.

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BRITISH AND CLASSICAL POETS, 35c.
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"THE INCOGNITO LIBRARY," 15c.

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The Shen's Pigtail and other Cues. By M. The Hon. Stanbury and Others. By Two. Lesser's Daughter. By Mrs. A. Dean. A Husband of No Importance. By Rita. Helen. By Oswald Valentine. Every Day's News. By R.

LINENS.

Every housekeeping and house-making sort, and surprise prices all the way along.

Cream Table Damask, new goods, new designs, 35, 39, 45 and 60c., from 45, 50, 60 and 75c.
Irish damask Table Cloth, 2x2 yds., \$1.75, \$2.75; 2x2 1/2 yds., \$2.25, \$3.50; 2x3 yds., \$2.75, \$4.35; 2x3 1/2 yds., \$3.25, \$5.25. Napkins to match.
Hemstitched or knotted fringe, large huck Towels, 25c. each, good value at \$3.75 doz.

Full Size Dinner Napkins, \$3 doz.; usually \$3.50 and \$3.75.
Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, 75c. and \$1 pair, were \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Hemstitched linen Sheets, \$5 pair, good value at \$6.
And 2,000 yards extra quality, fine all-linen Kitchen Toweling, 12c. kind, at 6c. yd.

Dress Goods of all sorts are at their temptingest. This is a glimpse of some of the Black Dress Goods:

English Mohairs, fine weave, high lustre, plain and figured, 50c. and 75c.; usually 75c. and \$1.
English Sicilian, plain and figured, 50c., 75c., \$1; usually 65c., \$1 and \$1.25.
5 in. Satin Soleil Brocades, 75c.
Woven silk grenadine Veils, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 yds. long, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4 each, from \$5, \$6, \$7 and \$8.

50 in. Mohair Cheviots, 20 styles, 75c.
45 in. French Cashmere, 50c., from 85c.
50 in. whipcord Pointelle and glace mohair Cheviots, \$1.25; usually \$1.60.
Crepon Novelties in mohair-and-wool and silk-and-wool, 75c. to \$3.75.
Silk-and-wool Grenadines, 45 in., \$1.25; from \$3 and \$3.50.

Stern Bros

direct attention
to their

**Spring Importations
of**

Ladies'

**French Hand-Made
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consisting in part of
Night Robes, Matinees
Corset Covers, Drawers,
Chemises and Skirts.

Also

**Silk Corsages,
Skirts and
House Sacques.**

Forming in all the largest
and choicest collection
they have ever imported.

West 23d St.



He: SO YOU FIND THE TYPE-
WRITER A HELP?

"YES, INDEED! WHY, I HAVE
BEEN SIGNING CHECKS WITH
IT."

TO A FICKLE MISS.

NOT worth your while
That false, sweet smile
Which o'er your features plays:
Thy heart of steel
I can reveal
By my Cathodic rays.

SETTING A PRICE.

IN the progress of a great nation, exact knowledge of any given object or pursuit is always welcome. Some women have been purchasable for a handful of diamonds; others have brought a fortune; the Indian squaw was gained by a few strings of wampum or a blanket; others, strangely blind to their own worth, have been won simply through the exercise of a now almost obsolete custom which is termed love. These women, however, were adults. The matter under discussion, and which was settled not long ago by a court of law in New York city, is the exact value of a female child. The jury in the case—a fatal street-railway accident, the victim being a two-year-old girl—decided that the parents were entitled to six cents damages.

Perhaps the quotation varies throughout the country.



THE LIBERTY BELLE.

MODEST.

MISS DE FLYTE:
Bridget, if Mr.
Simms calls while I
am out, hold him un-
til I return.

BRIDGET: Oh, Miss, sure and oi
wodn't loike to do that.

IF the Roentgen method of seeing through things pans out anywhere near as well as its friends expect, we are entitled to hope that it will almost put an end to vivisection. There will be no need to put a knife into a live animal when a ray will make its inner workings visible.



"WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS."

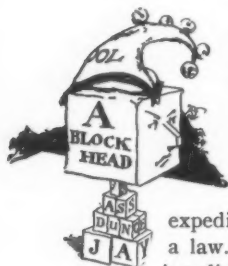


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY 27, 1896. No. 687.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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A BILL has been introduced into the Legislature at Albany which provides that the height of new buildings in New York shall not exceed fifteen times the square root of the width of the street they front. It virtually limits the height of new buildings in New York to 150 feet, or less. The bill seems reasonable and expedient. LIFE would be glad to see it become a law. The propensity of Adam's sons to build inordinately high, though checked for a long time by the disastrous experience of the projectors of the Tower of Babel, has broken out of late years in this country with a virulence of which a vast number of cloud-capped architectural monstrosities afford disgusting evidence.

The tall buildings, if left to increase without restraint, would doubtless work their own cure in time, for the more of them there are, the less advantage they get from their height. They also make the streets they line dismal, and on windy days dangerous. But it would take too long for the cure to work itself out. Better pass a proper law, even though it has incidentally the undesirable effect of protecting in their offensiveness all the tall buildings that are already up.

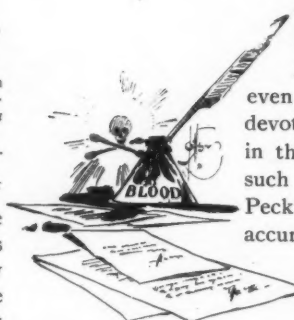
* * *



ONE of the biggest and most enthusiastic funerals that has lately centred about the remains of an American citizen was accorded the other day by citizens of Troy to the body of Bartholomew Shea. Shea died in the interests of justice by electricity, as provided by law, for the murder of Robert Ross in an election row in Troy. His body was sent home from Dannemora, and his funeral was held from a Catholic church in Troy. Ten thousand people attended it. Three thousand people and three wagon loads of flowers followed the hearse to the cemetery. When justice declares that a man's life is forfeited for a crime and takes it, it is well that his neighbors should know that he is dead, but it seems

neither necessary nor expedient that his obsequies should be conducted with much circumstance or attended by great crowds of people. To some folks the idea of having a big funeral is superlatively attractive. Male residents of Troy who feel that way may reasonably be expected to carry revolvers to primaries and to the polls as heretofore.

* * *



PROFESSOR H. T. PECK'S article on Mr. Godkin in *The Bookman* has interested even Mr. Godkin himself, who has devoted a column or more of space in the *Evening Post* to correcting such statements made by Prof. Peck as appeared to him to be inaccurate. Prof. Peck dwells upon the great usefulness and importance to the country of Mr. Godkin's services as a

journalist and shows a cordial appreciation of their value, yet he thinks he observes that in spite of the good causes which Mr. Godkin has battled for, and in spite of his influence as a leader of leaders, he manages to arouse a spirit of hostility to himself (his editorial self) among the very men who pay most attention to what he has to say. This is a condition of things which, if true, is interesting enough to invite meditation. Let us hope that the key to it is that Mr. Godkin's office is that of a critic, and that is an office which, though exceedingly useful, is rarely popular unless its incumbent is either inefficient or endowed with a superhuman outfit of grace.

* * *



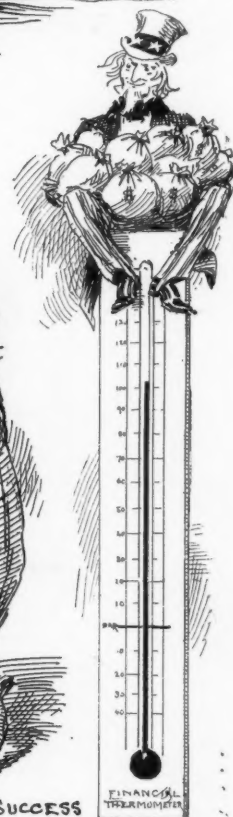
IT is proposed to move Union College from Schenectady to Albany. A consideration of some importance in the discussion of the project is the bearing of the fact that Albany is the capital of the State upon its fitness to be a university city. The diversions of our State legislators are not always exemplary, and the opportunity which Albany has had and has improved to provide for their pleasures has resulted in a develop-

ment of undesirable features of city life which is disproportionate to the size of the town. It is painful to suggest that it may not be for the advantage of the young men of Union to infest the same city as our New York State Assemblymen, but the probability that the Assemblymen would influence the boys is so much greater than the possibility that the college boys would influence the Assemblymen, that it really amounts to an argument in favor of keeping Union where it is.

FEBRUARY



THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT



AT THE POLE

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE DISCONTENTED WOMAN.

A WOMAN who was dissatisfied with her husband loudly petitioned Jove to send her another. The god listened favorably to her petition and sent her a demi-god.

In less than a week the woman was bewailing her lot again, saying she never cared for mixed goods anyhow, and that while the god-half of her present husband might be all right, the man-half snored and chewed tobacco. Jove, wearied by her ill-humored persistency, took back the demi-god and sent her a man out of the Yellow Book for husband, instead.

Up to the present writing the lady in question hasn't discovered where she is at.

Immoral:

Hysterics and Art are only relations by marriage.

H. W. Phillips.



FOR THE ASKING.

"WASN'T IT LOVELY OF MR. CRABSON TO SEND ME SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIFT?"
"I DON'T KNOW. HE KNOWS HE CAN GET IT BACK AT ANY TIME."

TWO IS COMPANY.

WE met together, Love and I,
When honey-bees were humming;
I laughed at him, and passed him by,
And flouted at his coming;
And when he spread his wings to fly
I let him go without a sigh.

We met together, Wealth and I,
When Autumn's leaves were falling;
I called to Love with eager cry,
But naught availed my calling.
I long for Love, he comes not nigh--
We wander loveless, Wealth, and I.

E. T. D.

"WEREN'T you stretching things a little when you told that Englishman that it was the custom in this country for the servant to dine at the master's table?"

"No! Why, it hasn't been a week since I read of a dinner given by a railroad corporation at which there were present two Judges and a Senator."





By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

BOB (I-N-G-R-S-L).



THIS gentleman was born with the planets in mid-heaven, the dipper upside down, the dog star playing Capricorn for a place and the man in the moon with his face turned toward the wall. He has a confiding, trusting nature, is easily influenced, with great veneration, no sense of humor and an impediment in his speech. Will find his most agreeable companions among Methodist deacons or young theological students. Is inclined to devote too much time to fasting and prayer.

Should select some quiet sedentary occupation. Would make a good choir boy or bearded lady. Strange to say, has never joined the Church, but will do so in the latter part of '96.

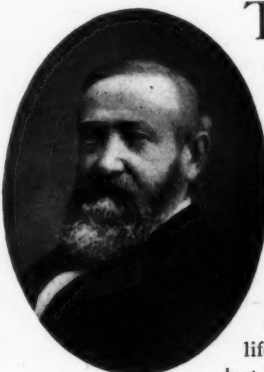
SARAH (B-R-N-H-R-D-T).



THIS lady was born under Saturn, with red fire on Jupiter, Venus on the home plate and a blue, white and green aurora borealis made to order for the occasion. Has florid complexion, corkscrew curls and a phlegmatic temperament. Runs to adipose and will get stouter as she grows older. Should wear a cork life-preserver when bathing and use a safety razor. Took part in the siege of Prague, was at the battle of Austerlitz and witnessed the triumphant entry of Napoleon into Paris. Should

avoid all places of amusement. Photographed by Roentgen she shows no difference in personal appearance. Looks well in a diver's suit. Was disappointed in love in 1814—but do not despair. Others. Would make a good mermaid.

BEN (H-R-S-N).



THIS gentleman was born under Venus, with Neptune on a silk hat hatching out orange blossoms, Capricorn out of sight, and the sun setting behind the White House. When grown, will be abnormally large for the size of his head. Has red hair and pink eyes, and should wear a brass health band and mauve bloomers. Has been disappointed many times in his life, notably in 1892, but has at last learned to say no at the proper time. Is very fond of children. Can read and write, but will do his best work as a bell-boy. Look for great happiness in '96. Nothing to do with Leap Year.



THE NEW ROENTGEN PHOTOGRAPHY.

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

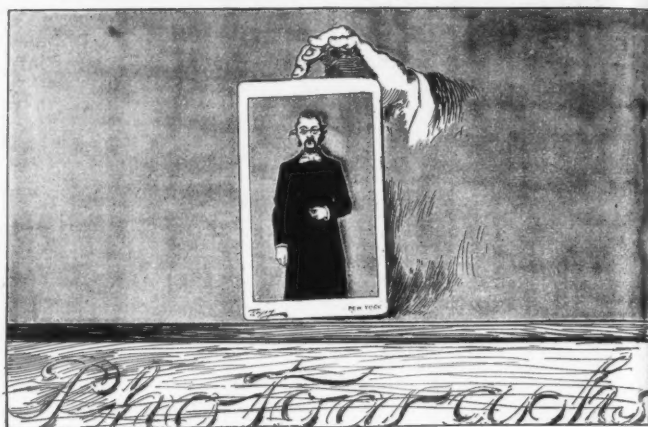
BOOKISHNESS

CATHODE RAY CRITICISM ON "JUDE."

THE lectures that have been delivered at Thomas Hardy because of "Jude the Obscure" (Harpers) must be amusing enough to arouse him from the depression into which the composition of such a dismal history would throw a sensitive man. For a veteran artist to be lectured at all must be mirth-provoking, but to be lectured for the wrong thing is doubly hilarious. The burden of accusation has been that he has written an immoral book. There is hardly an exception to this way of looking at it.

At the risk of being accused of cathode ray criticism—which fails to see through things as clear as

COMPROMISING NEIGHBORS.



"HE DROVE HIS FRIEND THROUGH THE PARK."

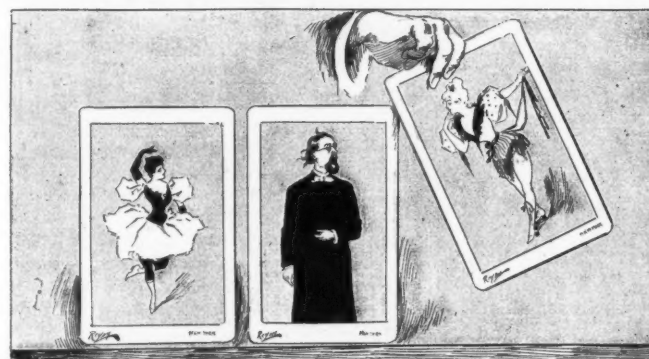
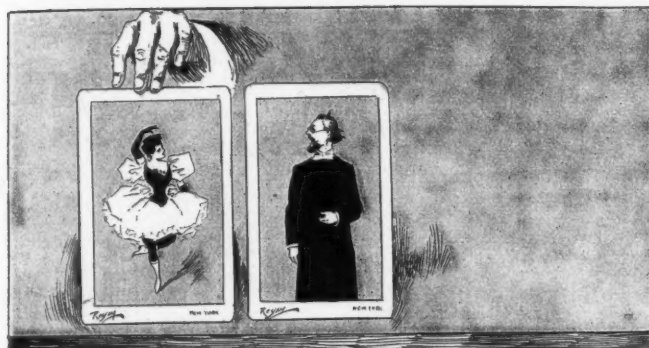
glass, but sees the invisible on the other side of a stone wall—one may venture on the assertion that the morality of the book is its most conspicuous feature. It would be hard to find outside of a Greek tragedy a more terrible example of cause and effect than the fate that overtakes *Jude* and all that he most adores. No man ever stepped aside from rectitude to be so relentlessly pursued by the gods of vengeance. When you have finished the book you feel that you have been reading the lives of people who discovered that the Mosaic law is a very real thing; that sin is inevitably followed by punishment, and that it is often out of all proportion to the apparent transgression.

Mr. Hardy distinctly disclaims that he is preaching a

sermon. He gives you his impressions of a series of events, and you preach your own sermon.

* * *

THE grievance that one may justly have against the story is that it pictures a set of social conditions that is utterly at variance with the facts of life in America. We do not want ambitious young men of any class to be inoculated with the Old World hopelessness. "Jude" is a hopeless book. With the instincts of a scholar, and the industry and perseverance to conquer success, the hero is continually battered back to his old life. Mr. Hardy is a realist, and is credited with close and accurate observation. He has no doubt given a pretty fair idea of the difficulties that once stood in the way of a university



Hy. Mayer.

education for a poor Englishman. He several times asserts that it is easier now than in *Jude's* day.

But if *Jude* had lived in America how different would have been his lot! Any young man caught trying to learn Greek and Latin while driving a baker's cart in an American village—no matter how obscure—would from that episode become the pride of his fellow-townsmen. The only danger would be that they would conspire to make things too easy for him. School and college would fairly yawn for him, and the Theological Seminary would give him fine rooms, and, if necessary, pay his board.

Even if *Jude* had by chance gotten into difficulties with some New England *Arabella* he would not have necessarily ruined his life. The Young Ladies' Sewing Society would have voted her "a mean, designing creature," and continued to make *Jude* shirts of strange workmanship.

No; *Jude's* great and only crime was in not being born somewhere along the Connecticut river, instead of in the worn-out civilization of Wessex. Come and see us, Mr. Hardy; we'll cure your melancholy.

Droch.

THE STUPID MAN.

WITH scorn that was perceptible, she was, she said, quite skeptical of youths who were susceptible to every girl they met.

At first to be invincible was better as a principle. For hearts so soon convincible would easily forget.

The question of proximity was one of unanimity—should wait for love's ultimatum: to sit too close was wrong.

To kiss was indefensible; 'twas very reprehensible—to her incomprehensible—she said in accents strong.

And then in half rigidity he bowed with grim stolidity and skipped with some rapidity. Alone, her soul was stirred.

Her eyes assumed liquidity. To think of his timidity! That he, with such stupidity, should take her at her word!

Tom Masson.

AN AMBIGUOUS POSITION.

SHE (with cheek buried on his shoulder): Don't move, Fred! This is so nice.

HE: Then you do love me, darling?

SHE: Nonsense! It helps my toothache!



A MILITARY TERM.
"BREAKING RANKS."



THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH ON



SABBATH ON FIFTH AVENUE.



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

THE IDEAL THEATRE.

SOME of our theoretical contemporaries have lately been voicing ambitions and aspirations for what they term an "ideal" theatre. LIFE is entirely with them in these desires.

If there is any educational value in the stage, something has got to be done to save it from perdition. If it is to be regarded as a plaything and nothing more, it is all right to leave its fate in the hands of those who simply cater to their own commercial profit through debasing the public taste. There are some optimists who are quite content with things as they are. This optimism, however, can usually be traced to some financial connection with theatrical management. He who believes that there is something worth preserving in the traditions of dramatic literature is not necessarily pessimistic because he dares to assert that those traditions and that literature are gradually, even rapidly, disappearing from sight. Worst of all, the art of acting seems also to be vanishing. The actor who has played many parts is becoming a thing of the past. Instead of him we have a mob of

incompetents who have neither studied nor learned, and this mostly through lack of opportunity.

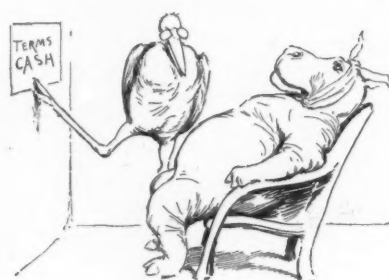
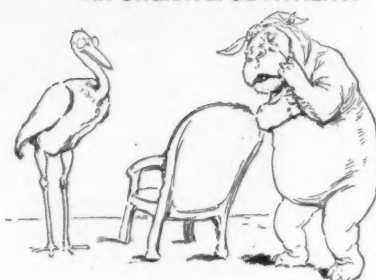
What we need is a school of acting whose diploma shall mean something. This can only be established in connection with a theatre which shall be free from financial pressure. It is this that our contemporaries mean by an "ideal" theatre. To the laudable purpose only two things are needed—money and a capable executive. The latter is the more difficult to find. It is easy to be believed that in this rich city there are enough lovers of the stage to be willing to endow a theatre which should help to confirm New York's position as the artistic metropolis of America. What some of our patriotic citizens have done for the homes of pictorial and musical art certainly others will do for the English-speaking stage. More difficult than the money part is the securing of a plan of action and the brains to execute it. It is easy to conceive of a national theatre endowed with ten million dollars which would not produce one artistic performance a year. It is more difficult to imagine a theatre which should produce nothing that was not artistic. The time is ripe for the endowment. Let us who love the stage pray that it will come soon, and that it will not fall into the hands of dilettanti, cranks, or sharpers. It should be a practical genius who would organize our national theatre, and he is bound to arrive some time, although it may well be doubted that he will be found without a more searching investigation than even that organized by Diogenes and his lantern.

* * *

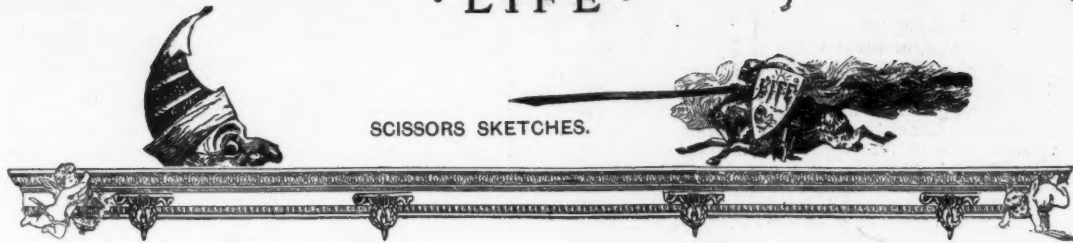
THERE'S something wrong. Here's the Empire Theatre scoring three consecutive failures, and all with plays imported fresh from London. "Michael and His Lost Angel," "A Woman's Reason," and now "Marriage," all bought and paid for in the London market, have failed to win. The theatrical managers and their allies of the daily press have heretofore been able to convince our theatre-goers that any thing from London was worth two dollars a seat to witness. Art is art the world over, but perhaps New York is awakening to the fact that not everything that comes from London bears the hall-mark.

Metcalf.

AN UNGRATEFUL PATIENT.



PUZZLE PICTURE.
FIND THE MAN.



ANGLO-AMERICAN VIGNETTES.

Introducing a new mechanical process by which the familiar creations of two widely different schools of illustration are forced to meet and exchange views.

ANGELINA.

WHEN Angelina graces
My presence with her smile,
My heart's removed from traces
Of every sort of guile.

I feel myself uplifted
From sordidness and sin.
To heavens above I've drifted,
All purity within.

And in such pleasant places
I linger for awhile:
When Angelina graces
My presence with her smile.

TO be original nowadays one
should not read the writings
of others—nor write himself.



DIOGENES UP TO DATE.



NOT A MANHATTAN COCK-TAIL.

The Gibson Girl: YOUR LONDON FOGS, SIR MIDAS, HAVE GIVEN ME A WRETCHED COLD.
Sir Midas: OH, WELL, JUST YOU GET A PUNCH, AND YOU'LL SLEEP IT OFF AT ONCE.
"HAVE YOU A COPY?"

NOT A PERMANENT CONDITION.

CUMSO: She is a widow, I believe?
CAWKER: Yes, but she will outgrow that.

WHEN they have supplied their wives and daughters with the proper apparel, most men feel that they should be exempt from further social duties.



A YOUNG man about twenty-five years old was sitting in the waiting-room of the Brush street depot with a year-old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the child began to howl were so marked as to attract attention. By-and-by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried: "A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one will ever again. Young man, you're stuck! You've been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets on to you!"

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around.

"She will, eh! Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer! What makes you think she'll come back?"

"Because she's my wife and this is our first baby!"

"Oh—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothesline.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THEY stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and looked long and earnestly in the direction of the cornice of one of the big buildings. Of course, under the circumstances, the man who had been standing in the doorway felt impelled to join them. He could not see anything extraordinary at the top of the building, but he kept his eyes upturned because they did.

A man who was hurrying along saw the three, and he at once forgot where he was going and what he had to do and joined them.

"I told you so," said the man who had first cast his eyes in that direction, and he made a motion as if to point out something to his companion.

Four men who were passing saw the gesture and stopped to investigate, and before they had fairly fixed their gaze upon the cornice three others joined them.

"You may be right," returned the companion of the man who had first spoken, "but you said twenty, you know."

Six more people, including two women, were now straining their eyes to see what was wrong with the cornice, and a rumor was in circulation that some one had tried to throw a child out of one of the windows. This was promptly denied by the man who knows it all, and who is always present on such an occasion. He said that a gang of counterfeiters had been found on the top floor and had taken refuge on the roof.

Meanwhile the little group at the edge of the sidewalk had swelled to a crowd of over one hundred.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the man who had first stopped.



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.
THE BOOK OF A HUNDRED GAMES. By Mary White.

Irratie's Bushranger. By E. W. Hornung.

MACMILLAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

A Tale of a Lonely Parish. By F. Marion Crawford.

Persis Yorke. By Sydney Christian.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Doctor Warrick's Daughters. By Rebecca Harding Davis.

The X Jewel. By the Hon. Frederick Moncreiff.

A Clever Wife. By W. Pett Ridge.

The Day of Their Wedding. By W. D. Howells.

The Were-Wolf. By Clemence Housman. Chicago: Way & Williams.

"Yes," replied his companion. "There are more than twenty."

"More than twenty what?" anxiously inquired several of those nearest the two.

"Fools," returned the first speaker; "inspired idiots. You see, we had a dispute as to the number of fools to be seen on the streets of a great city, and I bet him we could gather twenty around us in ten minutes by simply standing out here and looking up at the cornice. Gentlemen, there are more than twenty of you here, and I win."—*Chicago Post*.

"Is she a neat housekeeper?"

"She must be. Her husband was telling Mr. Binks the other day that he never could enjoy himself at home."—*Somerville Journal*.

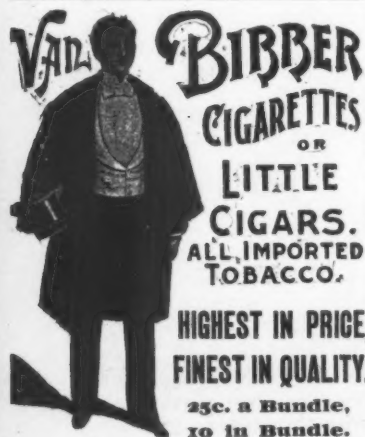
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HE sat on a log in front of his shanty, smoking some sort of leaves or weeds in his home-made pipe, and when I rode up and saluted him I thought him the most melancholy individual I ever saw.

"Down on your luck?" I queried as I offered him some smoking tobacco.

"Wall, no," he slowly replied. "Lost my mawl by snake bite t'other day, but sich things ar' to be expected."

"You don't look well."

"Guess not. I've been sick fur about three months, and this is my fust day out. We must expect sickness, however."

"Wife and children well?"

"Wife run away last week, and the seven young 'uns ar' in thar' with chills and fever. I was kinder discouraged this mornin', but I'm feelin' quite chirky now."

"I see you have no crops in," I said as I looked over the rank fields.

"Not a crop, and I'm kinder glad on it. I won't hev no hustlin' to do this fall."

"Haven't you any poultry or live stock?"

"Noap. Had to sell my cow last winter, and the coyotes carried off the chickens. Had two hogs, but they died of cholera. Noap—no live stock to worry about."

"This old shanty of yours is ready to tumble down."

"That's a fact, stranger. She leaks like an' old boot and kin hardly stand alone. Reckon the fust high wind will blow her all in a heap."

"Provisions pretty scarce?" I persisted, seeing he was willing to talk.

"Dunno. All we live on is johnny cake and corn coffee. Shouldn't wonder, though, if pervishuns was kinder skeerce."

"Your nearest neighbor must be all of three miles away?"

"Three miles was the nighest, but he's dead. The nighest one is now five miles away."

"And don't you get lonely?"

"Never."

"But will you tell me what on earth you are living for?"

"I will, stranger—I will!" he answered as he got up and threw a piece of sod at a barking pup-dog. "This 'ere claim is wuth about \$500."

"Yes."

"And she's mortgaged for \$600."

"Yes."

"And the money's all gone and the mortgage is to be foreclosed next month."

"I see."

"Wall, I'm livin' to see the fun when the fule who lent \$600 on \$500 wuth of land gets around yere to foreclose on me and take possession! Arter that I'm goin' out and let a snake bite me and die."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"EVERY man has his price," sententiously announced the philosopher of the all-night drug store, where the street-railroad franchise was being discussed.

"Well," said the wit of the establishment, "I wish somebody would discover my price and offer it to me."

"My boy," solemnly remarked the perfumery drummer, who had not spoken before that evening, "there is no smaller coin made than a cent."

And for several seconds there was no sound heard save the drip, drip of the real mineral waters from the hydrant.—*Buffalo Express.*

THIS is how a high-school girl recently parsed the sentence, "He kissed me": "He," she began, with a fond lingering over the word that brought the crimson to her cheeks, "is a pronoun, third person, singular number, masculine gender, a gentleman and pretty well fixed, universally considered a good catch. 'Kissed' is a verb, transitive, too much so, regular every evening, indicative mood, indicating affection, first and third persons, plural number and governed by circumstances. 'Me'—oh, well, everybody knows me." And she sat down.—*Exchange.*

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"MAMMA, teacher whipped a boy to-day for whispering in school."

"Well, that was right."

"But, mamma, he hollered ten times as loud as he whispered."—*Chicago Record.*

SHE: What do you mean, sir, by kissing me? What do you mean?

HE: Er—nothing.

SHE: Then don't you do it again. I don't want any man kissing me unless he means business.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FLORA: Chollie told me last night that he believed I could break a man's heart with my smile.

LAURA: Chollie was just talking. A man's heart is not like a mirror.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

W. C. COUP, the circus man, has had many remarkable experiences, and a reporter asked him if the dreaded cry of "Hey, Rube!" had ever sounded in his tent.

"No," said he, "but it came near it once in a small Kansas town, when, fortunately, there were no newspapers to spread the affair publicly. I had among the attractions of the show a man-eating ape, the largest ever in captivity. He was chained to the dead trunk of a tree and looked very ferocious.

"Early in the day I speak of a countryman handed him a piece of tobacco, which the ape chewed with great pleasure. The word was passed around that the ape would chew tobacco, and several gave him plugs. Finally one gave him

a piece that was filled with cayenne pepper. The ape bit it, then, smarting with indignation, snapped the fastening of his chain and yelled, 'Let me at 'im, the murtherin' ijit. Oi'll hev the loife av him or me name ain't Mahoney.' Then he started through the crowd with a handspike ready to strike, but the culprit escaped. I docked the ape a week's salary, and it was the last time I had any trouble with him."—*Philadelphia Times.*

In his book, "A Little Tour in America," Dean Hole of Rochester, England, quotes with uncton many specimens of what he regards as typical American humor. When he was in Cincinnati the thing that most impressed him was the following bit of doggerel which he heard recited in that city:

"Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:
"Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down."

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS is not an ardent admirer of Henry Irving and Miss Terry. When one recalls his quarrel with Edward W. Townsend over the "Major Max" article, it is not surprising that he should not like Miss Terry, for on meeting him, she told him how glad she was to know him, how much she had enjoyed his work in the past, and how much she anticipated reading his last book, "Chimmie Fadden," which was so well spoken of. Mr. Irving also made a sad mistake when Davis, at a dinner given to Mr. Irving, was honored by sitting next to him. Davis had arrayed himself with rows of orders and medals presented to him by the Sultan and the President of Bolivia and various other dignitaries. These orders Mr. Davis would no more travel without than he would without his tooth-brush. It was with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that he saw they attracted the attention of Mr. Irving, and all the guests noticed that the actor raised his eye-glass and scanned them closely, and, alas, for Mr. Davis! all the guests heard Mr. Irving remark: "How interesting. I always like to see college badges!"—*Vanity.*

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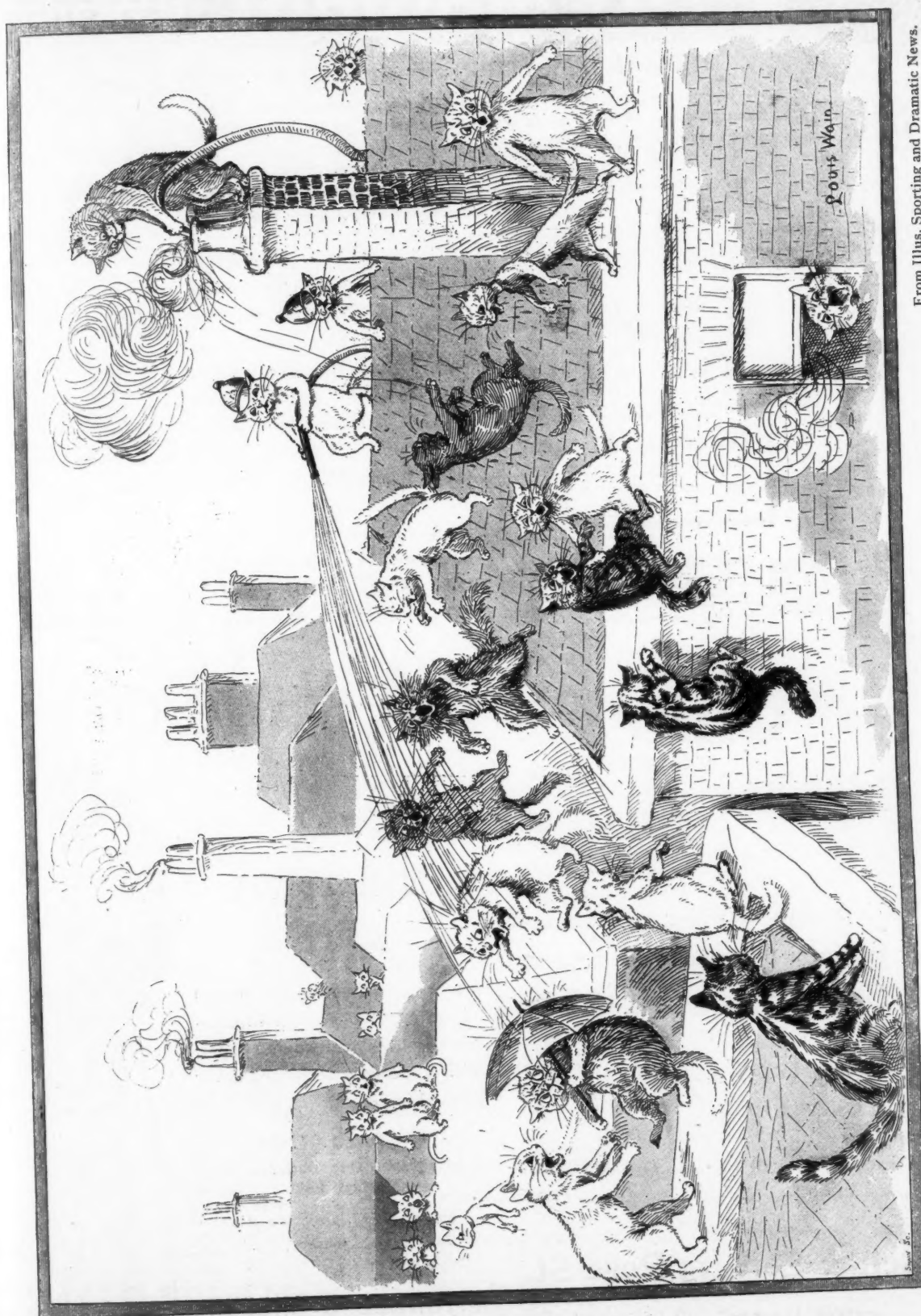
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THE REV. CHERRYBLE: Not much to live for? Nonsense. If you have no friend, you have nobody to borrow money of you; nobody to call when you are in the middle of an interesting book; nobody to tell stories about you to other people; nobody, in short, to bore you before your face and to abuse you behind your back. And yet you say you have nothing to live for!—*Tit Bits.*

TOMMY: Papa, there is a large black bug on the ceiling.

PROFESSOR (very busy): Step on it and leave me alone.—*Fliegende Blätter.*



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